

risted their heads in sign of despair, others
owed their foreheads to the ground. Some
even shed tears.
Isidore looked on them in pity.

Egypt and Phenicia; she feeds them with corn which she buys in Sicily, and lavishes upon them treasures furnished by all nations. Hope,

The pirates ran to seek a ladder and placed it on the side of the ship, with the end resting on

"Go," resumed he, "laying your hands on our mouths and turning your bodies from right to left according to the Roman custom; may

The sailors then took the prisoners under the arm, as if to assist them to walk, and dragged

them towards the ladder which was to precipitate them into the waves; but all four opposed an unexpected resistance, and the young exile hurrying wrested from a soldier his sword and his ladder, hurled himself and stood on the defence.

ing at his feet; but before he could use it, a light scream uttered behind him arrested his and; he turned and perceived a young woman

A single look sufficed to reveal the matron, mildly initiated in the use of that arsenal of luxury and coquetry, called at Rome, the world

became. Her hair, naturally brown, had become blond, thanks to the use of the soap of the nuns; little black crescents galled on her necks set off their whiteness. Her feet were clad with cothurnes of purple; a rich of guaze

from her head to her shoulders; she held in her right hand a bowl of amber, which, on being rubbed, exhaled a slight perfume, and wore round her neck an emerald green serpent, whose folds refreshed it. Ear-rings, necklaces and

bracelets of diamond, and rings enriched with magic stones, completed this costume, which could have been at least valued at twenty millions of scotesees. By her side walked an old man, clad in a Roman prostrate, and followed

by two colors.

On seeing him about to launch the javelin, and

The appearance of the latter seemed at first

of the beautiful Roman, and yet he said, roughly:

"What seek you? Have your caps so ready recognized the accent of your countrymen?"

"There are no Romans here!" asked she, surprised.

"And who boast of being so," returned indignantly.

"By Hercules," exclaimed the old man with the purple-bordered robe; "did they not know that it was to hasten their ruin?"

"The son of Pelias is among them," observed Alcibiades, ironically; "armed with the buckler and the spear, he hopes to vanquish alone the forces of the Cilicians."

"Where is he?" asked the Roman lady, whose eyes glared upon the prisoner.

"He who is about to die, salutes his cousin, a Scaphian friend, the young man, the young man, under a white the buckler with which he covered his head and his breast."

At this voice, the patrician lady started; she stepped a few paces forward, perceived the pris-

"and drop her amber loob, exclaiming: "
"Julian Cramer!"
"Julian!" repeated the old man.
"Who hoped not to meet here the pritor
exults and his daughter," added the prisoner.
"Are they indeed your relatives?" asked Lili-
re, of the Roman dame.
"He has just told you so," replied Plani-
re, "and I feel that I am not really betrayed
for family; the one has delivered Cramer to you,
and the other my father and myself."
"Yes," replied the old man, piously; "I
used you, a pritor, in my own province, with
my litter, my baggage, my letters."
"Does that astonish you, Breffin?" said
the man, with pride, "because you?"
"I was sure," replied the old man, "that
you were a free man." He kept him a while in the
face of this young bold Arkhies, awaiting for
a life or death."

"But the all-powerful Indore granted him
his prayer, hastened to aid," and he will
order his men to accompany him to the
prison. "Who has told you this?" asked the pirate,
these look had just encountered the laughter
and the prisoner, and who felt his anger
rise.

"Reflect," resumed the Roman lady in an
other tone, "that Caesar is the ally of China and
India."

"He is of the noblest blood in Rome,"
"Let us offer to this as a libation to Minerva!"
exclaimed the Carthaginian, raising the javelin.
But Plancia threw herself before him with
her arms.

"Stop," said she; "if you can show your ears
the request of the prisoner, you will not at
all reject the prayer of the woman. Reflect,
that in order to induce me to become your wife,

promised to fulfill all my wishes. Today, I ask of you the life of one of my kindred; you must refuse it; the blood which you would give is the same with my own."

Her account had at once so much authority and so much truth, that the audience trembled. "Friendship is ignorance," said he, with emphasis, "that these men are condemned, that have promised their death to those who are listening to us."

A murmur from the gallery confirmed this. "Their death," repeated Bessie, sternly and slowly; "would you kill their persecutors? would you kill those that persecute the weak by a heavy reason?"

This reflection, inspired from the words of the man, rather than inspired by his sentiments, produced in the children a sudden change. Their countenances, suddenly averted from their enemy:

"None has always been a good mother to the children," said he; "for a long time past she has dressed them in tatters manufactured for her

Byzantine and Phœnicia; who feeds them with corn which she buys in Sicily, and lavishes upon them the treasures furnished by all nations. Hope, therefore, in her clemency, and, in order to deserve it, allow these generous patriots to turn freely to their country."

"Go," resumed he, "laying your hands on your mouths and turning your bodies from right to left according to the Roman custom; may the brothers of Heken guide you happily, and may you make known by your example, the respect of Isidore for the sons of Quirinus."

The sailors then took the prisoners under the arm, as if to assist them to walk, and dragged them towards the ladder which was to profligate them into the waves; but all four opposed an unexpected resistance, and the young exile having wrestled from a soldier his sword and his dagger, braced himself and stood on the defensive. Before hastily seized one of the javalins

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weas. Her hair, naturally brown, had become blond, thanks to the use of the soap of the monks; little black crescents gamed on her cheeks set off their whiteness. Her feet were clad with rosettes of purple; a rien of gauze hid from her head to her shoulders; she held in her right hand a bowl of amber, which, on being rubbed, exhaled a slight perfume, and wore

around her neck an emerald green sash, whose folds refreshed it. Ear-rings, necklaces and bracelets of diamond, and rings enriched with precious stones, completed this costume, which would have been at least valued at twenty millions of scotterers. By her side walked an old man clad in a Roman prostrate, and followed by two lincors.

The countenance of the latter softened at sight of the beautiful Roman, and yet he said, roughly: "What seek you? Have your camp so readily recognized the accent of your countrymen?" "There are then Romans here?" asked she,

"By Hercules," exclaimed the old man with purple-bordered robe; "do they not know that it was to hasten their ruin?"

"In who is about to die, salutes his cousin, the beautiful Plancia!" said the young man, putting aside a little the tuckler with which he had covered his head and his breast.

"Julius Caesar!" repeated the old man.

"Who hoped not to meet here the prettor exulans and his daughter," added the prisoner.

"Are they indeed your relatives?" asked Julius.

"He has just told you so," replied Planria; "The land and the sea have equally betrayed its family; the one has delivered Cimar to you, and the other my father and myself."

"Yes," replied the old man, bitterly; "they led me, a prisoner, in my own province, with my litter, my baggage, my letters."

"Does that reassure you, CATHARINE?" said Isidore, with pride; "before you, Bellinas had a worse fate. I kept him a whole day in the face of this young bold Achilles, awaiting from a life or death."

"But the all-powerful Isidore granted him life," Flancia hastened to add; "and he will not to-day be less magnanimous."

"He is of the noblest blood in Rome."

"Stop," said she; "if you can close your ears to the request of the Roman, you will not at last reject the prayer of the woman. Reflect, that in order to induce me to become your wife,

"Placida is ignorant," said he, with embitterment, "that these men are condemned, that

This reflection, escaped from the awarrior of the
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